THE New Republic

Eisenhower And Truman

by Gerald Johnson

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US-Soviet Relations

1957—1997

BY JOSEPH C. HARSCH

Damaged in Transit . . . . . *Patrick Dennis*

"Ain't It a Pretty Night" . . . . . *Lyman Jones*

THEIR TEETH ARE SET ON EDGE

The Lament of Dylan Thomas' Widow

BY ROBERT GRAVES

OCTOBER 28, 1957

25 cents

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Washington Wire

Stay Cool, Folks

THERE IS something to be said for the man who stays calm when somebody shouts "Fire!" at the theater. But how about a man who stays calm when the fire singes the seat of his pants? We think the incredible story of the Administration's complacent reaction to Sputnik is told best in its own words.

Eisenhower: "I don't know whether it [advance word of Soviet planning of Sputnik] was ever told to me officially . . . there didn't seem to be a reason for just trying to grow hysterical about it . . . I don't know what we could have done better. . . . So far as the satellite is concerned that does not raise my apprehension one iota." (Toasting the Queen he said that the free world is so far ahead of Russia in science that it is "ridiculous" to compare them.)

Charles E. Wilson: "There is reason to believe that the rise of Communism has reached and passed its peak. . . . Basic research is when you don't know what you're doing. . . . [Sputnik is] a neat trick."

Sherman Adams, Presidential assistant, minimized "Soviet satellites that sail over our heads and land on the front page of every American newspaper . . . The serving of science, not high score in an outer space basketball game, has been and still is our country's goal."

Secretary Dulles: While Sputnik should end US "complacency" — "I think they have gained a certain propaganda advantage . . . I don't think they have gained much more than that."

Stay cool, folks! No reason to panic! Observe the poise of our patient President who sees no reason in world events for postponing his regular mid-November 10-day golfing holiday at Augusta, Ga. And remember that if Russia attacks we will meet them on the shore with a balanced budget.

One name is not given above: Nixon's. It is as good as a play to watch this subtle young man gradually drawing away from the declining Administration. We have noted accumulating instances of this before. Eisenhower didn't come to the aid of the school bill, Nixon did; Eisenhower wouldn't mention Faubus by name, Nixon did; and now Sputnik. This is the sharpest break yet. Twenty-four hours after Adams' complacent talk at San Francisco Nixon went out and warned against complacency; specifically he deplored the "brush off" attitude, and used those words. He asked sacrifices and sounded the note of urgency. He had better watch out. He is getting into dangerous waters. For Adams particularly, right at the center of power, it is going to be terribly hard to yield position to this heir apparent.

Nixon has never been a close friend of Eisenhower's. Ike likes and admires him, but it is the practical relationship of the board chairman to a bright young vice president. They are separated by 22 years and different training. Adams is closer and more intimate. There has always been the suspicion here that it was Adams who encouraged Stassen to make his fight against Nixon at the San Francisco convention.

North of the Border

WE GOT UP to Ottawa last week and found a fascinating political story. We have always believed US newspapers don't write about Canadian affairs because they are afraid to. Diefenbaker, the new "conservative" prime minister, whose return to power after 22 years of Liberal rule was more spectacular than the GOP victory in 1952 in the US, outlined his program in the Speech from the Throne. And listen to what he proposes: increased universal old-age pensions (Canada already has cradle-to-grave Federal legislation with no means-test); Federal aid to farmers, to fisheries and to assorted welfare cases; also big Federal aid to major irrigation and power projects. This comes from the right-wing party. Imagine how those ideas would sound just south of the border! Our US newspapers have practically sealed Canada off from us; an amazing feat, when you stop to think of it, with a 3000-mile contiguous border. Canada is just about ready to launch national health and hospital insurance—the law has been passed, the delay is over details.

The award of the Nobel prize to Lester Pearson came just in the nick of time, politically. Liberal leader St. Laurent is retiring and the fight to succeed him has begun; the prestige of the prize probably means Pearson will be Diefenbaker's rival as opposition leader. As for Diefenbaker, he never thought he would win this last election. He has promised Canadians the moon with a ring around it so far as we can judge; he has even promised to cut taxes, (just as Eisenhower in 1952 promised a "$60 billion budget"!)

High Health Cost

EISENHOWER is scheduled to talk on "health needs" in New York on Oct. 22. We have always believed it only a question of time before Federal health insurance got into US politics. Truman proposed it in 1949 but the West Coast public relations team of Whitaker and Baxter, richly financed by the American Medical Association, killed it with the cry of "socialized medicine." He sent another special message to Congress in January, 1956, but made no specific proposals on health insurance. We assume that he will now repeat earlier recommendations for matching research funds, teaching facilities and the like.

In the meantime the cost of living has gone up and nowhere more so in the ordinary man's budget, according to BLS figures, than in medical costs. They have risen about 18 percent since Eisenhower took office. We have always wondered why the Democrats did not grab this issue. Probably because it is safer and easier to criticize GOP mistakes than to offer something positive yourself.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

OCTOBER 28, 1957

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Correspondence

► *Old Hates in the Middle-East*

SIRS:

MR. H. A. R. PHILBY, writing from Damascus, has found two etiologic agents in his diagnosis of the shift of Arab sympathies from the West to the East. These are "the desire for neutrality between the power blocs, and hatred of Israel." The rest of Mr. Philby's last article is a prescription to the West for dealing with this desire for neutrality.

I wonder if Mr. Philby can suggest a specific for dealing with hatred of Israel. Certain implications can be read into his article of October 7, and even more in his letter of September 9, but I would prefer a clear statement of propaganda therapy. Who knows? It might turn out to be useful also for dealing with hatred of Negroes, a problem closer to home.

MORRIS GOLDMAN

Atlanta, Georgia

Mr. Philby replies . . .

Mr. Goldman's question flicks me in a very raw spot. It is one that I have

(Continued on page 22)

That "New Nixon"

PERHAPS it is idle to take what Richard Nixon says at its face value, since his words are so often intended to please rather than edify an audience or to reflect his own inner convictions. And yet, he is Vice-President of the United States; his public statements must therefore be presumed to reflect in some measure official policy. It is with this in mind that we examine his foreign policy address to 550 leading bankers and industrialists from 62 countries who gathered in San Francisco earlier this month to discuss what private enterprise can do to check Communism.

The Vice-President approached his subject familiarly: "We must be prepared for an all-out Communist economic offensive to win the allegiance of hundreds of millions of people in the uncommitted world." The "we" is "free private enterprise . . . the preferable medium for aid for the newly developing countries":

> We can meet and defeat this [Communist] challenge provided we base our policies on the fundamental principle . . . that the most productive source of economic progress is private rather than governmental enterprise.

No one rose to ask Mr. Nixon where US Steel would be today without the millions of public school rooms out of which trained researchers and managers have come. Or where General Electric would be if Schenectady still sat in a malarial swamp, as it did in the 19th Century. Or where the railroads would be had it not been for government land grants, or the trucking industry were it not for public highways.

Such questions are even more to the point when one considers the needs and viewpoints of Asians and Africans. The Vice-President himself saw the malaria control program in Thailand, the village self-help projects in India and the irrigation wells in Iran. He knows these are all the result of the investment of "social capital" and that it is here US governmental aid has been concentrated. In South Asia and non-colonial Africa today there are not a dozen private railroads, airlines or electric utilities. Governments must normally bring these products of Western technology into being because neither risk capital nor private management, by and large, have been willing to serve as the catalytic agent. And what little American private capital did enter these fields has actually been withdrawing since World War II.

There could be no quarrel with the Vice-President had he been content to plead for *more* US private capital abroad. But he then would have had to concede that private investment can only supplement—it cannot supplant—government aid. Instead, his remarks betray a confusion of purpose between Asian concern with "social capital," for a broad range of development purposes, and private concern with more limited "industrial

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capital." This is the first and underlying fallacy of Mr. Nixon's approach. There are others.

Fallacy Two: "Government capital," says the Vice-President,

> . . . is in a sense crisis capital. It will have a vital role to play as long as the world crisis is with us. Wherever it has an opportunity to strengthen free economies against the shoddy temptations of Communist trade or the menace of Communist subversion, I believe we should use this weapon of governmental finance as boldly as Congress will permit.

From this, one would conclude that the "crisis" in Asia and Africa is explicable solely or primarily in terms of the threat of international Communism: it is not. It is explicable only in terms of the will of Asians and Africans to be politically independent, to develop their economic resources *for their own benefit,* and to command racial respect. Although foreign aid has been sold—indeed oversold—to Americans as a Cold War weapon, US technicians and capital have been welcomed in Asia precisely where they have *not* come with political strings.

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Fallacy Three: According to the Vice-President,

> . . . private capital has other merits which Government capital lacks. It is the kind of money which, in the old Roman phrase, has no smell. Its home government cannot order it to be invested in one country rather than another, and cannot attach political or diplomatic strings to its uses. It carries no ideology.

This vision of independence of private capital from *all* association with Washington is delightfully romantic, but nothing else, as even Mr. Nixon implies by his suggestion that the government devise incentives that would make private investment abroad more attractive to business. And Mr. Nixon's sense of smell is astoundingly unreliable. In the 20 countries liberated from Western colonialism since the end of World War II, a large part of the elite which governs scents in private capital a very bad odor.

Until recently, most of the newly independent nations of Asia and Africa were both the beneficiaries and victims of classical 19th Century exploitation by foreign corporations which enjoyed the protection of colonial administrators. However unjustified may be the fears of new exploitation, the aversion of these countries to foreign investment for private gain will not be changed by ignoring the fears. The change in attitudes will come only after many years of quiet cooperation with these governments. Already the climate for American investment is improving, for example in India and Burma, after only ten years of independence and several years of American aid. It will change elsewhere, *if* we are sensitive to apprehensions about private enterprise.

Moreover, surely Mr. Nixon is joking when he says that private capital has no "ideology." When American businessmen denounce even the mixed economy which is the prevailing vogue in most newly-liberated countries (especially in former British colonies), has the denunciation no meaning? The very emphasis of most US private investment—in oil and other minerals—suggests an ideological bias on the part of private capital: these resources-rich but poor-in-fact countries should remain hewers of wood.

As for their own private enterprisers, Asians often distrust them even more than foreign entrepreneurs. The kind of unbridled private capitalism which insists on a 40 percent return to justify manufacturing investment, and which is often identified with usury and black-marketing, explains government intervention in Asian economies quite as often as any doctrinaire commitmets. The US, therefore, should respect the right of other countries to opt for public rather than private economic activity—for what may be very good reasons of their own.

Fallacy Four: "Last year," said the Vice-President, "American new investment abroad totalled almost $4 billion." He did not say where this money has been invested, or in what economic activities, because that might have hurt his argument that private enterprise is big enough to do the job. Of $4 billion invested by Americans abroad last year, a third went to Canada, half to Western Europe and certain Latin American nations, and less than 10 percent to Asia and Africa. And most of this less-than-10-percent went into American oil wells. No private American capital went into Asian transport or electric power; none into schools or irrigation, and virtually none into manufacturing. Mr. Nixon's case at this point is reduced to a ruddy pipe dream.

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Fallacy Five: The new $300 million development loan fund," the Vice-President advised the conference,

> . . . should fill a function which is new and distinct from those being served by existing agencies. Its primary purpose should be to channel funds into pri-

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MICHAEL STRAIGHT, *Editor-at-Large*
HELEN FULLER, *Managing Editor*
Selig S. Harrison, *Associate Editor*
Robert Evett, *Book and Music Editor*
Contributing Editors: Gerald W. Johnson, B. H. Haggin, Frank Getlein, Alexander Bickel
F. R. Ruskin, *Assistant to the Publisher*
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vate enterprises which cannot satisfy the borrowing requirements of the Export-Import Bank.

What this means, put plainly, is that governmental assistance as we now know it should come to an end. The loan fund to which Mr. Nixon here refers is the new agency established by the last Congress; the loan fund was to be the sole channel for non-military assistance for economic development. Already, Congress, in the most bi-partisan spirit, has cut down the Administration's request for a $2 billion fund, spread over three years, to $300 million for one year. Mr. Nixon apparrently would use this $300 million not for programs requiring "social capital"—not even, for example, for disease prevention or education—but for "private enterprises which cannot satisfy the requirements of the Export-Import Bank." But is it not fairly obvious that however enterprising a businessman may be, malaria control cannot be sold at a profit?

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Such are some of the myths which Mr. Nixon put forward to 550 persons who control or represent more than $100 billion worth of financial and industrial might. But the fundamentals of any sensible approach to foreign aid remain the same; whatever the Vice President says: *both* private and public investment are needed, and in larger amounts. Since private US investment on a sufficiently large scale is most unlikely in the unstable areas of Asia and Africa, government aid becomes all the more urgent. The least Mr. Eisenhower should ask of the next session of Congress is a three-year projection of the loan fund, with a lending level of at least $750 million a year as originally proposed. And lest the words of Mr. Nixon spread further misunderstanding of our motives abroad, the President might also find an opportunity for making certain that these funds are for undernourished Asians and Africans and their undernourished economies—not for well-nourished businessmen, foreign or domestic.

Khrushchev's Letters

KHRUSHCHEV'S LETTERS to the Socialist Parties of the Atlantic alliance are something unique even in the unconventional diplomacy of Soviet Communism. Whatever their other implications, they demonstrate once again the bounding self-confidence of the present Soviet Government, fortified so recently by its triumph in the race for the inter-continental missile. And they emphasize an element in Khrushchev's personal approach to politics which puts him in the Zhdanov Comintern tradition—a firm belief in the Communist Party as a formal instrument of Soviet foreign policy which can be used separately from the classical techniques of diplomacy between states. In this respect, however, the letters are likely to be a total failure. Despite the reference to the British Labor Party leaders as "esteemed comrades," and the flattery for Socialist attitudes on the Suez adventure, all the parties concerned are furious at the assumption that they are stupid enough to fall victim in this day and age to the hoary temptations of the United Front. With the anniversary of the Hungarian tragedy so close, Khrushchev's appeal to the principles of Socialism, democracy and national independence appears as a calculated insult; it has already received appropriate response in the icy curtness of the Danish Social Democrats. Moreover, the extraordinary attempt to negotiate on a current diplomatic problem with Parties like the British which are not in power shows a scarcely credible misunderstanding of how the European Socialists see their place in a democracy.

In the Middle East, however, where the letters are getting immense publicity from Moscow Radio, Khrushchev's initiative may well appear as a master stroke. Despite movements of the Turkish Army and of the US and British navies, it is difficult to believe that the Russians really fear a military attack on Syria. If they did, they have a perfect opportunity to raise the question at the UN Security Council as a threat to peace. On the other hand, the fact that Britain, France, and Israel did contrive a similar attack on Egypt last year gives the Soviet allegations a certain credibility in the Arab world, and Khrushchev has done his best to point the analogy. Thus his letters combine both the friendly warnings about the difficulty of keeping a local war limited which Bulganin sent to Eden before Suez and the plain threats of rocket attack on Britain which Bulganin made just as the campaign was about to end.

Combined with the Sputnik, which has had an even greater impact on Asian opinion than in the Atlantic area, Khrushchev's letters paint a most convincing picture of the Soviet Union as the powerful protector of Arab independence against Western imperialism, and there is little doubt that this is their real purpose. The Western Governments might well now reflect on their behavior over the last twelve months, and consider why it has become so easy for Khrushchev to present all their actions in a false light to the Arab world, and to win tremendous propaganda victories with a few sheets of paper. There can be little doubt today that the brilliance of the US triumph in Jordan last spring—however necessary it was at the time— blinded the West to the underlying realities of Arab politics and created a disastrous precedent. It is difficult to disagree with one acute observation which was made by the Saudi Arabian Foreign Minister in his blistering attack on Western policy a few weeks ago. "It is not for those who provide the opportunities," he said, "to blame the Russians for opportunism."

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Hoffa and the AFL-CIO

Now that James R. Hoffa is *there*, of course, the temptation is sure to grow in the AFL-CIO to find some way to backtrack on the Federation's threat to throw the Teamsters out. First, it is human nature to try to make the best of things once they've happened, and Hoffa's victory happened in a big way at Miami Beach. Secondly, the legal obstacles thrown in Hoffa's path to deny him his newly-won presidency provide, ironically, a pretext for postponing action against the Teamsters.

The New York rank-and-filers whose charges of a rigged Teamsters vote led to a restraining order from Federal Judge F. Dickinson Letts, barring Hoffa from taking office, raised the possibility that Letts might grant a permanent pre-trial injunction—placing the Teamsters Union and its operations under court jurisdiction. Why, it is asked, until the legal picture clears, need the AFL-CIO act at all? Why expel the Teamsters for corrupt leadership when that leadership may not actually take office?

To such arguments the best answer is, we believe, that Hoffa's 4-to-1 victory at Miami Beach was too overwhelming to be overturned by a few quick legal maneuvers. We doubt whether, when it comes right down to it, the higher courts can in fact deny Hoffa his victory. The tranquilizing thought that legal remedies can solve labor's problem is nothing more than escapism. Indeed, the reasons for expulsion seem to us more pertinent than ever. With Hoffa's own record of corruption so clear, with the virtual certainty that his power as a member of the AFL-CIO hierarchy would spread the infection throughout labor, we believe that the AFL-CIO Executive Council cannot afford to suggest that it is coming to terms with corruption.

For this reason we are encouraged that President George Meany has, so far, firmly held to his insistence that the Council recommend expulsion of the Teamsters to the December 5 AFL-CIO convention in Atlantic City. The future of the Teamsters is uncertain enough that Hoffa's left-hand man, Harold Gibbons (*NR*, September 9), is not moving his family to Washington, it is said, for at least a year.

A Place to Stand

Senate Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson and House Speaker Sam Rayburn knew what they were doing when they refused to join the Democratic National Advisory Council. Imagine how uncomfortable they would have been at its October 19-20 meeting! The Council passed resolutions directly attacking Eisenhower for failures in our economic, defense and foreign policies and recommending a strong, forward-looking position on all three. And it showed no disposition to seek an accommodation with the Southern wing of the party on civil rights and segregation. In all respects the Council's words bore little resemblance to the Democratic 85th Congress' deeds.

Not content to pronounce in the press, the Advisory Council will print its views on these and other major issues and send copies to every member of Congress before the new session convenes. After January, Rayburn and Johnson naturally intend that the party again speak as one voice through them. In the last Congress that meant responding only when the Republicans spoke. But this year when Democrats want to speak first, there will be a ready-made platform at hand, whether Johnson and Rayburn like it or not.

The Red Ant

The extent to which the Soviet satellite has wounded American pride may be judged from the sort of balm that has been applied to the wound. One of the most desperate—and most favored—"explanations" of the Soviet success was brought to light by Myles J. Lane, a former United States Attorney who once helped prepare the case against the Rosenbergs. In the midst of all the excitement over the sputnik, he remembered testimony indicating that, besides stealing atomic secrets, the Rosenbergs made off with plans for an early US satellite. Shortly thereafter, Robert Morris, the chief counsel for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, announced that the subcommittee was thinking of calling witnesses and investigating the matter.

So it appears that the sputnik is really an American invention (just as the light bulb is really a Russian invention) and the Communists simply stole from us what they were unable to achieve for themselves. At the same time, by making off with the secret of the satellite, the Rosenbergs left American scientists ignorant, earthbound and helpless, at least until such time as the CIA gets a chance to steal the plans back from the Russians.

There is a flaw in this argument somewhere and we are prepared, if sufficiently provoked, to say where it is. But it hardly seems worth the trouble since neither Mr. Lane nor Mr. Morris, we are sure, put any stock in it at all. The practice of using Russia or her agents to add glamor to one's own activities has become a national habit, and habits are indifferent to reason. When Mrs. Frederick Groves, the president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, wishes to sound a warning against "mental laziness," for example. She does not, as her ancestor might have done, simply say that idle hands are the devil's workshop. She says that laziness "furthers the cause of the subversive in American society today." Or, when an eminent Harvard sociologist, Pitirim Sorokin, wishes to warn against the dangers of loose living,

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he does not hesitate to declare that sexual immorality actually touched off the Russian Revolution. No, not immorality exactly, Dr. Carroll L. Birch, of the University of Illinois College of Medicine, is quoted as saying: the Revolution was caused by the incidence of hemophilia in the Russian royal family.

But when it comes to getting full news value out of the Russians the *New Republic's* golden trophy goes to Representative T. Ashton Thompson (D, La.), who could give lessons even to Morris and Lane. Congressman Thompson managed to work the Communists into a statement to a House Agricultural Subcommittee, announcing the appearance in several states of "fire ants" from South America, whose stings are extremely painful. "It would be ironical," he declared, " if we spent billions to fight Communism only to be eaten up by ants." Rep. Thompson is right. It certainly would be ironical if we were eaten up by ants.

FALSE ALARM

Is Britain going to embrace popular capitalism . . . or is it going to turn irrevocably to full-scale socialism?
—ROSCOE DRUMMOND, Herald Tribune, Sept. 30.

THE Welfare State in Britain, making citizens secure,
Is a limited experiment in socialism pure
Which says, Take almost all thou hast, and give it to the poor,
For the poor we have always with us.

No longer can the upper classes roll in wealth untold,
No longer State assistance with a miser's hand is doled,
No longer is it true to say as it was said of old
That the poor we have always with us.

The laborer at last is reckoned worthy of his hire,
And when the laborer's task is done, he pensioned may retire,
But though the poor have disappeared, if any should inquire,
The rich we have always with us.

The social revolution crowns the Social Welfare State,
With the magnate in the castle and the poor peer at the gate,
But though the pinch of penury they may eliminate,
The rich we have always with us.

Despite the depredations of the Inland Revenue
Some sections of society are extremely well-to-do;
It's an economic riddle to which workers seek a clue,
Why the rich we have always with us?

For while the State its benefits on citizens may pour,
And everyone gets something, some get a good deal more—
Private enterprise is thriving as it never throve before,
And the rich we have always with us.

Great Britain's back to normal, and class discontent is rife,
And capitalists flourish amid economic strife—
The Welfare State has not destroyed the British way of life,
And the rich we have always with us.

SAGITTARIUS

A Communication from Senator Hennings

Why Should We Pay For World War II Twice?

SIRS:

May I call your attention to the fact that the high-powered and well-financed ca... to bring about a return of enemy assets seized during World War II to their former German and Japanese owners has been making headway in Washington? The White House, in an abrupt about-face, announced that early next year it will present to Congress a plan for "equitable" return of the seized assets to the former owners. Details were withheld. The unstated but obvious purpose of the announcement was to give a lift to the candidacy of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer for re-election in the September 15 elections in Germany. Laudable as the purpose may have been, it is no justification for a scheme which would require the American taxpayer to bear the war losses of our own citizens and to compensate nationals of the defeated powers for their war losses. That comes close to making the United States pay for both sides of the war.

It represents a shameful surrender to the corps of high pressure lobbyists and lawyers—hired at fees which would run into many millions of dollars if they are successful—who have been clamoring for the United States to repudiate the international settlements which were intended to dispose of this issue. And it would be a sordid repetition of the fraud perpetrated after World War I, when the German industrialist clique employed the same sort of tactic to bring about the return to German owners of property seized during that war. Part of the lure then was a German promise to pay American war damage claims over a period of 25 years. Many of those claims remain unpaid today.

It is well to remember that after World War II, the reparation claims of the Western Allies against Germany totaled about $300 billion, of which a major share was owed to the United States. Instead of pressing these reparation claims, the allied nations entered into the Paris Reparations Agreement of 1946, under which the allies agreed to accept, in lieu of reparations, the relatively small amount of enemy assets within their own borders, which had been seized during the war. The United States had taken over German and Japanese assets valued, at the time of taking, at about $365 million. Some were corporations which prospered greatly under American control so that the present value of these assets is estimated to be about $595 million. Of this total, German assets account for $541 million; Japanese for $54 million.

Congress, in 1948, enacted the War Claims Act, which provided that none of the seized enemy property was to be returned to its former owners. The property was to be liquidated and the proceeds used to compensate American military and civilian personnel who had suffered in enemy prisoner and concentration camps.

Subsequently, in the Bonn Convention of 1952 and the Paris Protocol of 1954, Germany agreed to compensate its

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own nationals for their loss of property seized by the allies. In this respect Germany went a step further than Japan. The Japanese Peace Treaty provided for the retention of seized property, but Japan did not undertake to compensate her own nationals for this loss.

Under existing law, about $320 million realized from the liquidation of seized assets has been paid out in administrative expenses and in satisfaction of some of the claims of American nationals who were held prisoners by Germany or Japan. There remain unliquidated assets variously estimated to be worth from $265 to $300 million. It is not clear how much in unsatisfied claims against that amount by American citizens still remains. It is apparent that barring an act of incomprehensible generosity on our part, which would go far beyond the injunction to "forgive those who have trespassed against us," there will remain some surplus of seized assets when the American claims against them have been satisfied.

I have proposed (in S 2149) to use this surplus in assisting local communities to build or acquire facilities to assist our older citizens. Priority in this regard would go to the parents of veterans who died in the service of their country.

But if we should be so foolish as to return these seized assets to former owners, who would be the beneficiaries? Well, let us see.

The Administration formerly supported a program to compensate original individual owners, but not corporations, and only up to a $10,000 limit in each instance. It argued that this would fully satisfy 90 percent of all claimants, and would cost only $60 million.

That, of course, would be on top of the $3 *billion* we have given to Germany, and the $2 *billion* to Japan, in postwar economic assistance. It was this help that has enabled Germany to emerge as the strongest nation, economically, on the European continent and which enabled Japan to build a viable economy on the wreckage of her Asian empire.

But if only $60 million would fully compensate 90 percent of former enemy claimants, who would be the big beneficiaries? Who would get the rest of the millions in seized enemy assets?

To ask the question is almost to answer it. For the most part, the really big beneficiaries would be the cartels which financed the rise of Hitler and Tojo. They would get the benefit of not only what was taken from them, but the value added to their properties while they were under American control.

Among the loudest tub-thumpers for the return of the enemy assets is the public relations firm of Julius Klein and Associates, of Chicago, Washington, and Frankfurt, Germany. It is employed by a German association headed by Dr. Hermann Abs and one Karl Goetz. Abs and Goetz, during the Hitler regime, were responsible officers of the Deutsche Bank and the Dresdner Bank, the latter familiarly known as "the SS bank." The odious operations of Abs and Goetz, and of their two banks which were the largest in Hitler's Germany, are spelled out in a report made in June, 1947, by General Lucius Clay, then military governor of occupied Germany. The report says:

> Carl Goetz, the most important personality of the Dresdner Bank during the Nazi regime, stood on terms of intimate friendship with Fritz Saukel, director of the German slave labor program. . . . At the Deutsche Bank, Herman Abs . . . was closely identified with Hjalmar Schacht and Walter Funk, who designated him as German representative in a number of international negotiations.

The report goes on to say:

> The big banks early fell in step with the Aryanization program, by purging Jews from the rolls of their employees, and followed up by acting as purchasers, bankers and brokers for the Aryanized properties. In this way, the Dresdner and Deutsche Banks acquired properties for their own account, financed acquisitions of Aryanized property for customers, selected and appraised properties for future Aryanization, and even searched for prospective customers interested in this type of transaction.

Aryanization, of course, is the polite term for the confiscation of the property of Jews.

The report continues:

> In all instances, the banks worked in close cooperation with the competent German authorities, usually the Reich Ministry of Economics. The desire to acquire certain institutions or corporations sometimes originated with the banks, sometimes within the Nazi Government, but all acquisitions had one aim in common, namely, the economic and political domination of Europe by Germany.
>
> Competing on slightly different bases, both banks obtained a share in the spoils. In some cases, the Deutsche Bank obtained the choice morsel because it was the larger, better known bank and because Hermann J. Abs, its most energetic officer, enjoyed excellent standing with Schacht, Funk, and other high officials in the German economy; in other cases, however, the Dresdner Bank received preferential treatment due to its close connections with the SS, the Gestapo, and party organizations . . .
>
> From the foregoing, it is apparent that the Deutsche Bank and the Dresdner Bank were active partners with the Nazis in the spoilation and economic domination of Europe.

These are the kinds of people, these are typical of the interests, in whose behalf the cry is now being raised that the Allies had no right to seize enemy assets, that private property is, in some way, "sanctified!" For the United States to return to these people the assets seized when we were at war would, indeed, be, as the Administration describes it, "an act of grace."

And what about investors in the Allied countries? During the war, investors in Great Britain, France, Norway, the Netherlands, and other countries were compelled by sheer necessity—in order to prosecute the war and to survive—to liquidate their investments in this country. They had to look to their own governments for compensation in their own currencies.

That is all we are now asking German and Japanese investors to do—to look to their own countries to compensate them for wartime losses. Germany explicitly agreed to assume that obligation, in the Bonn Convention and Paris Protocol. Nothing prevents Japan from doing likewise.

In any event, the American taxpayer should not have to pay twice for World War II. Paying once is more than enough.

THOMAS C. HENNINGS, JR., U.S.S.

Washington, D. C.

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The Superficial Aspect

Eisenhower and Truman

SENATOR KNOWLAND'S opinion that if there is to be an investigation of our failure to launch a satellite ahead of the Russians, it should go far behind the present Administration, is a sound one. But why did Knowland advance it? Sen. Lyndon Johnson is the logical man to propound that idea, not the Republican leader.

Obviously no investigation of performance is worthwhile unless you have some standard of performance, and the only standard available in this case is that of the previous Administration. Can the Republicans stand that comparison?

Certain asinine small-fry among them apparently believe that they can escape blame by repeating the old charge that Truman's hirelings gave away our secrets, and that is why the Russians won. But that won't wash. In the first place, the Russians had the crucial data by 1945. In the second place, if Truman's hirelings passed some information to the Russians, they also passed it to Eisenhower's hirelings; and with both in possession of the information, the Russians made the satellite and Eisenhower's hirelings didn't.

Any secrets the Truman Administration may have had are no longer important. What should be investigated is not who stole the secrets, but who stole the brains, the technical skill, and the driving energy that the Truman Administration had?

From a standing start, without any captured German scientists, those boys made the atomic bomb and brought the hydrogen bomb to within a year of completion. But then Eisenhower's boys took over and let the Russians get ahead, certainly as regards the satellite and probably as regards the guided missile. No loss of secrets is as important as a loss of brains, skill and energy. An investigation that will reveal why we have suffered loss in these lines should be invaluable; and, of course, it would have to start with the Truman Administration, when we still had them.

Even without an investigation, merely by remembering what has been published in the newspapers, we may get some inkling of the answer. We may not know all that Truman did, but we know some things that he didn't do. For instance, he did not fire the man who superintended the making of the atom bomb, J. Robert Oppenheimer. He did not by silence give consent while McCarthy raged through the world, making government service disgusting to first-rate men. He did not refuse to break it up when unseemly brawling among the GIs, the gobs, and the flyboys threw the missile program into a confusion from which it has not yet recovered. He did not cut corporation taxes by five billions a year, enough to sustain the whole atomic program three times over. He did not let his own party get so out of hand that he had to depend on the opposition to get anything important done.

In short, he did not refuse to assume command, and with it responsibility for guiding the nation through a period of enormous difficulties and increasing dangers. No doubt the captain of artillery made mistakes, but never for one minute did he make the mistake of thinking that the job would run itself, or that the staff could be relied on to take care of things when the Old Man's eye was not upon it. Can the five-star General say as much?

No investigation is needed to tell us these things, for we already know them. What we need is a jolt that will make us think about them seriously. The launching of the satellite was itself a terrific jolt, but it is a question whether it has produced serious thought, or merely a fit of the screaming meemies. At the moment of writing serious thinking in Washington has not been conspicuously apparent. What the Administration has been desperately seeking is not an answer to the satellite, but a tranquilizing pill.

WELL, the doctors say that a tranquilizer is valuable in reducing a hysterical patient to a condition in which he can be treated with some hope of success. But would not a formal, orderly investigation by the Senate have some effect along that line? Historical evidence is not lacking. Heaven knows, we have had plenty of Senatorial investigations whose principal effect was to induce a continent-wide drowsiness. A look into the reasons for our scientific lag might not go that far, but it is possible that it would steady our nerves sufficiently to enable us to face two facts which we have been sedulously dodging these many years. The facts are (1) that the Russians are no fools, and (2) that Ike is no George Washington and apparently not even a Harry Truman.

Nor does it greatly matter that there would be certain fringe benefits that might be so much velvet to certain more or less important persons, if they figured prominently in an investigation. Senator McClellan, for instance, would not care if people's minds were taken off Little Rock, and Senator Symington could stand it if the business started Democrats to considering a 1960 nominee from Missouri.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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THE NEXT FORTY YEARS

US-Soviet Relations

1957—1997

by JOSEPH C. HARSCH

WE CAN SEE now, in retrospect, that the most important episode in the second 40 years of US-Soviet relations was the White House conference of 1971 at which the two powers agreed on their joint policy of "controlled" capital investment in China.

The way for that had been paved four years earlier, in 1967, when Harold Stassen, America's perennial optimist of the 50's and 60's had finally succeeded in reaching an agreement with the Soviets on the arms control and limitation agreement which formalized the tacit renunciation by both of the use of nuclear weapons in warfare.

The arms race had, of course, continued down to 1970 since at the time of the Stassen agreement neither the Soviet nor the American technicians had fully solved the problem of aiming and firing from their respective fleets of earth satellites. But in that year the combination of the Ghana crisis and the faulty aim of the US Air Force's Satellite Avenger X23 (which nearly hit Portland, Oregon, instead of just missing Vladivostok as intended) had shaken both governments to the point where President Knowland invited Prime Minister Malenkov to the White House.

The occasion had been provided by the Inaugural ceremonies for Amcanville, the new town built astride the US-Canadian border south of Winnipeg for the central organization of the US-Canadian Trade and Mineral Resources Union. Soviet Prime Minister Malenkov had accepted an invitation to the ceremonies and the subsequent invitation to Washington, arranged through Ottawa, had followed.

The immediate and avowed purpose of the Washington conference was to end the intense competition for North Africa which had been going on ever since 1956 and had flared up anew over the signing of the Soviet-Ghana agreement under which the Russians had obtained exclusive rights to build nuclear power stations in Ghana, with what amounted in effect to a monopoly of trade in the bargain.

The US Air Force had been confident at the time that it had scored a technical break through over the Soviets in ability to aim accurately from its satellites, and regarded the Ghana crisis as a welcome opportunity to test the new aiming equipment. But the cities along the Pacific Coast were so shaken when the X23's missile landed just outside Portland (fortunately in an apple orchard where it did no serious harm) that President Knowland finally gave in to Army-Navy pressure and liquidated the Air Force. The Army took the Air Force's piloted freight planes into the Army's service of supply and the Navy acquired the other remaining component of the Air Force—its fleet of earth satellites. (The Air Force Academy at Denver was turned over to the Central Intelligence Agency under a phased transfer plan which made it possible to maintain the football schedules of the three service academies without interruption).

President Knowland regarded these events as providing the opportunity he had been seeking from the time he had taken over the Presidency from his predecessor, Hubert Humphrey, in 1969. President Humphrey had licensed the export of nuclear reactors to China on the theory that since Russia had already started building reactors there it was better to have half of the program done by American capital than to allow the Asia Development Trust in Moscow to obtain complete control over China's electric power grid. President Knowland had never been happy about this—in fact, he had made it an issue in the 1968 campaign.

The official communique issued after the Knowland-Malenkov conference reported only the agreement on the disarming of the earth satellites and the agreement on Africa which nullified the monopoly clauses both Mos-

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JOSEPH C. HARSCH, *author of many books on foreign policy, comments regularly on international affairs for the* Christian Science Monitor *and over NBC.*

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cow and Washington had concluded with their respective client states, in Africa. The constant shifting of the clients from one side to the other on the African checkerboard (to take advantage of the latest higher bid) had long since produced a rising resistance in financial quarters in New York and Leningrad to the cost of the competition.

President Knowland had rightly suspected that if he could ever get in a corner alone with Malenkov he would discover that their respective views about China were not too far apart. At their very first private meeting, as we know now, Malenkov had taken the initiative by vehemently accusing Knowland of planning to use China as a base for a subversive campaign in Siberia. Knowland seized the opportunity and, with an intensity reminiscent of Dwight Eisenhower's famous performance at the Geneva "summit" conference of 1955, outlined his own private view that the survival of both Soviet and American power depended on curbing the rate of industrial and military development of China.

Malenkov was obviously relieved by Knowland's passionate exposition of the subject, and impressed by that quality of sincerity which had been Knowland's greatest and probably decisive asset in the 1968 Presidential campaign in which he had been pitted against John Kennedy of Massachusetts, Vice President during the eight years of the Humphrey incumbency. (Knowland had won, although by a narrow margin of only 6 electoral votes, thanks to the swing of the Negro wards of Chicago to the Republican column and the Republican victory in Arkansas—also due to the Negro vote).

KNOWLAND and Malenkov found that they fully shared each other's concern over the very substantial success of China's "Chou En-lai Plan" in Southeast Asia. It had been launched in 1960 with a China economic aid agreement with Indonesia which had given China access to Sumatra oil in return for the building of light industry in Indonesia. During the intervening 10 years the pattern had been extended to Siam, Laos and Cambodia and India. Neither the US nor the USSR had been able to take effective counter measures since their respective resources had been so heavily drained by their competitive spending in Africa plus US commitments in Japan and Soviet commitments in Eastern Europe.

They were able to reach an immediate agreement in principle that if China became the beneficiary of competitive development of nuclear power in China by rival US and Soviet companies it would be only a matter of another 20 years before the level of production in China would pass that of either the US or the USSR. The obvious necessity, they agreed, was to arrive at a planned and controlled rate of development in China which would at least delay as long as possible the ominous day when China's industrial and military power would be the highest in the world. Neither, obviously, relished that prospect.

But there was one obstacle which had to be cleared away before the "secret" clause of the 1971 agreement could be implemented. If Moscow's share of the "controlled" development in China were to be effectively controlled and limited, Moscow would have to devise a non-government owned vehicle for the purpose. Malenkov explained that ever since the rehabilitation of Leon Trotsky and the formation of the underground "Trotsky clubs" in Russia there had been a serious revival of the old "brotherhood of the proletariat" doctrine which was causing him great trouble both in his domestic and foreign policy. The Chinese had successfully infiltrated the movement and were using it as a pressure group to speed the rate of Soviet capital investment in China.

The only way Malenkov thought he could manage the problem would be to "decentralize" the Asia Development Trust, legalize private capital and turn the China investment program over to the private capitalists. He asked Knowland to be patient since this would take a little time and arranging. Knowland agreed, and assured Malenkov that in the meantime he would do his best to keep dollar investment in Chinese industry down to a minimum. Of course he would have his own difficulties due to the popularity of China stocks on the US securities market.

One incident of the 1971 White House conference proved to be particularly helpful to Malenkov in working through his problem. The DAR happened to be holding their annual convention in Washington at the time. Malenkov watched Knowland speak to the unrevolutionary-looking ladies from the back porch of the White House and asked an explanation of the phenomenon. Knowland had some trouble getting the point across but finally did convey to Malenkov the idea that because the ladies called themselves daughters of a "revolution" they found it possible to be very unrevolutionary and had in fact been of great help to him in winning his election.

It was two years after that that the Daughters of the Russian Revolution were chartered in Moscow. The wives of the principal (then still illegal) new capitalists of Russia were all found to qualify for membership. The Trotskyists staged a number of noisy demonstrations in the major cities of the Soviet Union but the DRR had

NEXT WEEK

Gus Tyler surveys the ways we in the West have deceived ourselves about the USSR since the October Revolution 40 years ago.

The Illusions That Were And the Illusions That Are

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sponsored a compulsory oath of allegiance to the hammer and sickle in all schools and factories and had so identified themselves with the slogans and symbols of the old revolution that they weathered the storm. Malenkov's police remained loyal, and after a short series of purge trials in which Trotskyists "confessed" to being tools of "American capitalism" the way was cleared for the formal legalization of private capital.

This trend in Moscow was regarded, and rightly, with much private apprehension in New York and Chicago (it was of course loudly applauded in public) since it was perfectly clear that Soviet capitalism would enjoy a long period of competitive advantage versus US capitalism. The collapse of the Trotskyist movement made it possible for the Kremlin to hold the wage level below the level of rise of productivity, and all through the 80's the ruble gained steadily in value against the dollar. Inflation, to this day, is not a serious problem in the Soviet Union although under Malenkov's successor the government has been forced to make a number of wage concessions.

But the 1971 meeting at the White House was in large measure successful. After Chou En-lai's American educated successor had brought American technical "know-how" back to China the respective Russian and American investment groups recognized that they must temper their rivalry by restraint if they were to avert a repetition of the costly and uneconomic drain on the economies of both countries during the African rivalry period. In the end the main development projects in China were divided between them, under discreet government direction, and China was given a rationed rate of development which has kept its per capita production level below the levels in either the US or the USSR.

It would be too soon to say that the present situation is stable or safe. The revival of private capitalism in China had itself brought a new factor into the question. The important Chinese investment banks had to be cut in to the American-Russian consortiums to obtain their acquiescence. And China's population is still increasing in spite of the 1982 law forbidding more than three children to a family. And Moscow had had relatively poor success in settling the provinces which border on China, in spite of the superhighway system. Russians enjoy going to eastern Siberia as tourists but show a marked reluctance to settle down under the shadow of the Chinese mass.

But US-Soviet relations, beginning with the 1971 meeting, have steadily improved as the fear of China has forced them together and the revival of Russian capitalism has changed the American attitude. The first exchange of delegations between DAR and DRR this year marks the culmination of the events which President Knowland set in motion back in 1971.

"Ain't It a Pretty Night"

Five hundred citizens of Palestine, Texas, met at the Courthouse on a warm evening a few weeks back to hear some speakers and organize a White Citizens Council.

by **LYMAN JONES**

PALESTINE, county seat of Anderson County, Texas, is in what Texans call Deep East Texas, about halfway, if you're headed for New Orleans, from Dallas to the Louisiana state line. A White Citizens Council, which never before had been able to muster as many as 100 people, held a meeting in the Anderson County courthouse as the Little Rock bell tolled over the South. What happened at the meeting, what was said there, provides clues to the effect of the Eisenhower handling of the Arkansas situation on the rural and small town Southerner—whose opposition to desegregation is the bitterest in the nation.

This is how it went:

Everybody was ready for the speaking to begin, but first they had to send somebody across the street to the Dogwood Grill to get the jukebox turned down, because it was warm for an October night even in Anderson County, and the song-blare bounced through the open windows of the courtroom in the pillared courthouse on the hill where the 500 people who were gathered there had waited for about an hour:

LYMAN JONES *is Associate Editor of the* Texas Observer, *an independent weekly published in Austin.*

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In the middle of an island, in the middle of the ocean.
You and I together, darlin',
Just the monkeys and the palm trees. . . .

The music snapped off, and somebody said, "I cain't call 'em Negroes, nohow," and this was loud now because the music had stopped. Mothers said, "you hushup, now" to some fidgeting children, and a tiny old lady with a corduroy face whispered, "that Mr. Jerry; he's a somethin', ain't he?" to her neighbor, who nodded and put a finger meaning "shhh" to his lips. "Judge" W. A. Hughes of Dallas who used to be county judge (a non-judicial, administrative office) of Gregg County, but who now is high up in the Texas White Citizens Council movement, moved to the microphone and began the invocation:

"Almighty God," he began, and harumphed in his throat, and looked straight at his audience, its faces dappled by the shadows of the whirling wooden blades of the fans hung from the high, groined ceiling.

"Almighty God of our fathers, be with us tonight. Be with us especially in this tragic hour when the black shadow of federal bayonets hangs over our land, and our Southern way of life . . .

"Amen," said Hughes, softly, at his prayer's end. "Amen," whispered two or three voices from the pew-seats of the courtroom, softer still. These were the evening's last soft or quiet words.

". . . STATES RIGHTS AND OUR SOUTHERN WAY OF LIFE," roared State Representative Jerry Sadler, master of ceremonies for the evening. "We are honored, to have with us here tonight those men, who stood up with us, when the going got rough, who stood up with us down at Austin [he meant at the last Texan legislative session when he and other East Texas legislators offered a series of anti-integration bills], against the N-DOUBLE A-C-P, the left-wing journalists, the eastern Republicans, the long-haired preachers and professors, and the SEXUAL PERVERTS! and all of their kind, who came to Austin to force desegregation on us.

"The long-haired—hell, I can't say what they are; they's ladies here—tried to coerce the legislature. These men stood fast. Without this East Texas delegation, you'd right now have desegregation in every school in Texas."

Sadler told his audience who they were by saying who he was: "In 1835, my great-grandfather came to Anderson County. My grandfather was the first white child born in Anderson County . . . and now the Supreme Court is tryin' to cram desegregation down our throats. I told you back when I asked you to send me down to Austin, I told you there'd be desegregation. Some people said, 'politics, that's all politics,' when I said that.

"I don't give a damn about politics. I'm agonna fight for your rights, and for my rights. And we have to keep on fighting. We cannot surrender since Mr. Eisenhower has appointed himself superintendent of schools at Little Rock.

"Hell, I'd be a Judas Iscariot if I laid down on you now, and let Eisenhower become the superintendent of schools of Anderson County. . . . Now, I want you to meet these boys here."

He introduced eight East Texas legislators. Earlier in the day, acting as the "East Texas delegation policy committee," they had demanded that Gov. Price Daniel call a special session of the legislature to consider a bill to give local school boards authority to close a school "menaced" by federal troops. "Now, I want you to meet the chief speaker, I want you all to meet [Rep.] Joe Chapman, who steered us through" [the last legislative session].

Chapman, his forehead wrinkling beneath a receding hairline, was quieter than Sadler, but louder than Hughes:

"These are the most tragic times our South has seen since Reconstruction days. In my feeble way, I'd like to trace for you what's goin' on. I worked in Washington in 1941 . . . worked four and a half years in Naval Intelligence. I've studied Communism . . . and the Dies [Martin Dies is an East Texan] Committee reports. I wrote reports on a thousand Communists. And today what we've got is a more insidious thing—desegregation. It's just a steppingstone to the Communist philosophy: 'divide and conquer, set race against race, set creed against creed. . . .'

"In 1913, a writer named Israel Cohen [he sneered out the syllables] wrote a book, *A Racial Program for the 20th Century*. This is a copy right here. This Cohen said to mold the Negro to the program of the Communist Party. They wanted to mongrelize America, and, mind you, this was in 1913."

CHAPMAN'S voice grew louder. His forehead was no longer nervous. "Who'd'ja think puts Negroes in every picture show, on every TV program? Why, every picture show you see, every TV program, nearly, has Communist propaganda in it. . . . In 1928, the *Daily Worker*—that's the official Communist paper—called for abolition, abolition, of our whole system of racial segregation, abolition of the Jim Crow laws. . . .

"Now the NAACP—I like to call it the association for the 'agitation' of the colored people—it follows the Communist program right down the line. The NAACP harms our typical East Texas Negro, and its program parallels the Communist program.

"This didn't just happen. D'ja know the Communists have even penetrated our churches? There's a report from the Un-American Activities Committee that says 6,000 of our preachers are either Communists or fellow-travelers." [Feet shuffled in the courtroom; a woman clucked, as if to say: "Just imagine that."]

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Chapman lifted his hand above his head, and paused in his speech. "And I hold here in my hand the *Congressional Record,* 50 pages of the *Congressional Record.* It shows how the officers of the NAACP are Communists. I can't give you all of it because it's too long. But I'll read from this [holding aloft a booklet]. It's a book by Eugene Cox, the attorney-general of Georgia [whose last name actually is Cook]. Now, if he wasn't tellin' the truth on 'em in this, they'd be suin' him 'til yet."

According to the Georgian, Chapman said, only one of the NAACP's founders was a Negro, and that one was a Communist; the present executive secretary, Roy Wilkins, "he's a party worker [he didn't say what 'party' Wilkins worked for]; Thurgood Marshall, NAACP attorney—he's a boy that likes to prosecute 'em all the way up to the Supreme Court, he's a member of that National Lawyers Guild, and it's a front organization."

CHAPMAN began to speak faster, and louder: "A lot more is at stake than desegregation. The whole system of American jurisprudence is threatened. The Supreme Court reaches out and gets what it calls psychological opinions . . . they've turned Communists loose. . . . Their decisions have done away with the bulwarks of our freedom. The issue now is freedom or dictatorship. Dictatorship by a [federal] district judge is no less dictatorship than that of Hitler or Stalin. That Judge [Ronald] Davies [who enjoined Governor Faubus' use of the National Guard at Little Rock], he asked to be sent to Little Rock, asked to be sent down from the North; he's just a carpetbagger. Faubus complied with the injunction; he withdrew the National Guard. But d'ja ever read that in the Northern or Eastern press, or hear about it on television?

"No, but you heard about the 'Battlin' Bastards of Bastogne?' Yes, I said 'bastards'. That's what they call themselves. They slipped in in the middle of the night. They go out and bring in the Nigras [he wasn't saying 'Negroes' any longer] in armored cars. Is that America?" [No, sir,' hollered a voice from the back of the room.]

". . . Who has the power at Little Rock today? Who had the power when an innocent man was bayoneted, and when a block away on private property another innocent man was butted on the head with a gun butt?

"Friends, we have got to stop thinkin', I mean, we have got to start thinkin', got to read, got to look around, and see what's goin' on. The time has come when we must act. Ninety percent of the people in America, in Texas, at least, I think, believe like you and I do. But we're not organized. And the 10 percent that's against us, they're tightly and fully organized—they're in cells, that small 10 percent.

"Texas needs men like Jerry Sadler, boys like these boys here, with intestinal fortitude. And we need martyrs. . . . If that Army puts soldiers around our schools, we got a freedom of choice: we don't have to send our children to those schools, not where there's brickbats and bayonets. I think that Army in Little Rock would look awful silly guardin' an empty school and eight Nigra children. . . . My two children aren't goin' to school with Nigras, I'll guarantee you that. . . .

"I'm against violence. Maybe we ought to try 'passive resistance' like Mahatma Gandhi did. And I'll be honest, I wish we never had joined the Union, but we're in it and it's up to us to try and straighten 'em out.

"We can tell 'em we don't hate Nigras. I was practically raised by an old Nigra mammy, but we do have a race pride. The Nigra ought to have a pride, too. They can't develop the Nigra race by makin' mulattoes out of 'em. I'm proud of my Anglo-Saxon heritage. I'm proud of my old mother and daddy. And you all know God's powerful enough to have made the Nigras white—if he'd wanted to. But He didn't. They can't make us love by sendin' down bayonets."

Chapman, less earthy than Sadler, was only politely applauded. Sadler wound up the meeting, steadily increasing the volume of his naturally nasal voice, and steadily raising its pitch:

". . . I just thank God my military service was in the Middle East, so's I didn't have to serve under Eisenhower. You know, the only reason Eisenhower has been brainwashed by Brownell, Adams and that Warren-psychological-sociological-Communist Supreme Court — it's because they want the nigger vote in a bloc.

"Lemme tell you how far they'll go. Down in Austin, in my hotel room one night, two long-hairs—you know what I mean—came to me, and said they were gonna 'brand' me. They were gonna do to me like you do to cattle. They had their knives with 'em [his Texas audience now knew he meant castration]. Now, I didn't have time to go to the dresser drawer and get out my Bible. HELL I GOT ME MY GUN! [Applause and cheers.] My Daddy didn't raise me to be 'branded'.

"Now, they say there's been some violence and that the Citizens Councils had somethin' to do with it. Hell and LORDGODAMIGHTY! THERE'S GONNA BE SOME NOSES SKINNED SOMEWHERE. I'm not ashamed of the White Citizens Councils. I *wanta* be affiliated with *somethin'* white. [Loud applause, loud cheers.]

"Now, all of you all here ain't doin' your duty unless each and every one you goes out and gets 10 more members. LET'S OUTNUMBAH THEM! We're not agonna surrender. This here bunch don't know what surrender means." [The audience stood, and cheered lustily.]

The tiny old lady with the corduroy face was helped down the long spiral staircase, wainscoted with marble, that leads from the second to the ground floor of the Anderson County courthouse. She looked up at the sky as she walked through the door to the street. "My," she said to the man who was helping her, "ain't it a pretty night?" He agreed that it was.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

"And the Children's Teeth are Set on Edge"

by Robert Graves

IT WAS a black day in my boyhood when news came that our lovely, gay, talented, golden-haired, feckless Irish-cousin Molly, the brightest debutante of her year and the most sought after, had suddenly, without warning, deserted the gilded splendor of my Aunt Susan's house in Eaton Square—to elope with a penniless Irish genius named Macnamara. Only a month previously I had visited my Aunt Susan's drawing-room under escort of an elder brother, where I drank my first glass of champagne, and watched in fascination when he sat down to a Bechstein grand and, in accompaniment to Molly's carefree soprano, strummed the popular songs of the day:

Leftover Life to Kill, by Caitlin Thomas (Little, Brown; $4.50).

When I marry Ameli-a
Won't we have a go?
Clocks with ruby faces,
Emerald dressing-cases—
You
May
Bet
The place will be just like home
When I marry A-meli-a!

which was followed by the mock-lugubrious dirge:

At Trinity Church I met my doom,
Now I live in a top back room—
Top back room . . .

Those being the times of good King Edward, the shock of Molly's elopement was unrelieved by any brave talk of love conquering all, and of how in the end my Aunt Susan would forgive and make much of her gifted new son-in-law. On the contrary, everyone either said: "What starts with a scandal is sure to end in a good cry," or: "Well, Molly has made her bed, and now she must lie on it." We never saw my Irish-cousin Molly again, and her name, by tacit agreement, ceased to crop up in family conversation. I often wondered what had become of her, and hoped that her husband would at least put the gloomy prognosticators of disaster to shame by soaring into prominence as the leading Irish writer of his day; but he never did.

Caitlin Macnamara, who married Dylan Thomas, was a late fruit of this marriage, and I find that my poor, beautiful, feckless Irish-cousin Molly, who did not even have the satisfaction of a Trinity Church wedding, with ruby-faced clocks and emerald dressing-cases, and seems to have ascended straight to the top back room—top back room!—appears at frequent intervals in her daughter's *Leftover Life to Kill* but alas, only as a dim, dead, historical background figure. Still, Molly seems to have kept up her Eaton Square pride through all adversity. I read in this macabre account of Caitlin's winter in Italy after Dylan Thomas' death:

> . . . I have a peculiar aversion, not to working, but to being seen working, partly because I can do nothing when I am being watched, and very little when I am not; and partly because it is a hangover of the extraordinary way our mother brought us up: not only was it not done to talk about money, but also, to sully one's hands. We were taught all the appurtenances of ladies, with none of the circumstances in which to practise them. Living in the depths of the country, seeing nobody, on very little money: not that we were aware of it or anything else material or practical for that matter; in rags, running wild, reading at random, produced a very incongruous band of guerrilla ladies. Result: blissfully unfitted, in every social and domestic aspect, for the wifely rigors before us. But then, as our mother assiduously impressed upon us, she had prepared us to marry rich men; of course, none of us did. . . . But [at Christmas] our mother, who was also wonderfully extravagant, and biased about her children, used to make us the most marvelous stockings, with always a small bottle of heavenly cherry brandy in the toe, which we drank riotously before breakfast.

One of Caitlin's most valued social assets is, she claims, an ability to play the *grande dame* whenever she lands herself in a shamefully plebeian jam, and sweep out with contemptuous pride. Yet, during her early widowhood:

> . . . I did all the things a Lady should not do, and showed them, aggressively, just how unladylike a Lady can be. I gave myself up with selfless abandonment to being awful. . . . I wallowed in excess; an excess of bodily surfeiting, to kill the critically carping maiden aunt of a mind that nagged the prostrate soul out of me. I sought filthily to purge the blood-thronging devils out of me by using the devil's own filthier-still instruments. I stole their sons and husbands, doing violence to both our diversely raw feelings; violating purposefully my most precious holy vows to Dylan; saying his golden endearing words for me to them, making the same familiar sweet affectionate gestures; ruthlessly pillaging the long years of our woven heart together; inciting a deliberate sacrilege, a shameful sacrifice of our love that was too stubborn to put out. . . .

AND what was this wonderful marital love against which she committed sacrilege even at Laugharne, the quiet South Welsh seaport, where they had brought up their three children, and where he now lay buried? On her own showing, this love was a continuous war waged with lies, deceit, revenge, foul abuse and unrestrained violence. They shared a pseudo-romantic squalor in a neglected house among broken furniture:

> . . . these fights, which were an essential part of our everyday life, and became fiercer and more deadly at each onslaught, so that you could have sworn no two people reviled each other more; and could never, under any fabulous change of circumstances, come together again: were almost worthwhile because, when the reconciliation did take place, according to how long we could stick it out, it was so doubly, trebly, quadruply sweet, and we could never have ventured to conceive of such a thing happening again.

Dylan was mean with the housekeeping allowance, even while earning big

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money, but never stinted himself either in meat and drink:

> . . . piling up plates with cucumber, pickled onions, tins of cod's roe, boiled sweets; to push into his mouth with an unseeing hand, as they came, while he went on solidly reading his trash . . .
>
> . . . As for minding babies while I went out, that was unthinkable and against his strongest codes: which he never once made an exception to.

Nor would he raise a finger for any house work. Not that Caitlin minded his lordliness; indeed, she despised what they call in Wales "saucepan boys"—luxurious fools, who help their wives with the washing-up and the changing of the baby's nappies. Besides, she took pride in being no cook herself, and lacking either the skill or the patience to sew.

This is how Dylan's poems came to be written:

> [He spent] the best part of the morning in the kitchen [of Brown's Hotel at Laugharne], putting bets on horses, listening, yes, actually listening for once, open mouthed, to local gossip and scandal while drinking slow consecutive pints of disgustingly flat, cold-tea, bitter beer. Muzzily back to late lunch, of one of our rich fatty brews, always eaten alone, apart from the children; and I can't blame him for that, as there is nothing worse than brawling children's meals. He went so far, like a respectable Victorian father, as not travelling in the same carriage with them, though it was not often we went anywhere *en masse*, and I cannot blame him for that either. Then, blown up with muck and somnolence, up to his humble shed, nesting high above the estuary; and bang into intensive scribbling, muttering, whispering, intoning, bellowing and juggling of words; till seven o'clock prompt.
>
> Then straight back to one of the alternative dumps: we had long discussions as to which was the deadliest; to spend the rest of the evening in "brilliant repartee." That was a sample day with all the innards and lights taken out.

The marital war did not abate in stress even when Dylan became famous for his golden-voiced broadcasts of rhetorical verse, nor did the squalor; the bigger his earnings, the larger his borrowings, and the deeper the debt. It is not seemly to speak ill of the dead, but I used to hear frequent complaints about him from gentle, generous Norman Cameron, now also dead, who worked in the same advertising agency before World War II, and was ten times the poet. Dylan once went to Norman with a poor-mouth story of being penniless and forced to sleep in a London park. He borrowed Norman's flat for a week-end, invited cronies to make a boozing-den and doss-house of it, ran up debts at the local shops, and left the place in a drunken shambles. Dylan revenged himself for his forcible ejection on the Sunday night by shocking accusations against Norman. Hence Norman's Miltonic sonnet:

The Dirty Little Accuser

Who invited him in? What was he doing here,
That insolent little ruffian, that crapulous lout?
When he quitted a sofa, he left behind him a smear.
My wife says he even tried to paw her about.
What was worse, if, as often happened, we caught him out
Stealing or pinching the maid's backside, he would leer,
With a cigarette on his lip and a shiny snout,
With a hint: "You and I are all in the same galère."

Yesterday we ejected him, nearly by force,
To go on the parish, perhaps, or die of starvation;
As to that, we agreed, we felt no kind of remorse.
Yet there's this check on our righteous jubilation:
Now, that the little accuser is gone, of course,
We shall never be able to answer his accusation.

To be a Bohemian poet's wife is always an equivocal task, but Caitlin proved adaptable. Her immoderateness matched his; her scorn of a fond mother's Eaton Square manners matched his rejection of a fond father's strict Welsh working-class morality:

> . . . Dylan was, even at his worst, Dylan; and there was one part of him that nobody could get at, that was impregnable, untouchable, not of his own making, but handed down from generations of close-tied, puritanical, family tradition. Handed down from his father, that most unhappy of all men I have ever met; who did all the spade work of casting off the humble beginnings, bettering himself, assiduously cultivating the arts; and finished up a miserable finicky failure; while passing on to Dylan, on a heaped up plate, the fruits of all his years of unrewarding labour. To an outsider this step up the social ladder might not seem so impressive: the transition from farmhouse and railwaymen standards, to schoolmaster in a semi-detached suburban matchbox. But it made the leaping change from lavish rough comforts to pinched penny-pricing gentility; to the taxing position of being looked up to by the neighbours, therefore having to keep up the most trussed-in, belted, camouflaged and gloved system of appearances; instead of being so low you had not got to bother, and could swear and say what you liked, make as much noise, and enjoy yourself, without being stigmatized. No blue-blooded gentleman was a quarter as gentlemanly as Dylan's father. And, though Dylan imagined himself to be completely emancipated from his family background, there was a very strong puritanical streak in him, that his friends never suspected; but of which I got the disapproving benefit.
>
> Those who only saw his bar-leaning, on and on and on story, with no detectable end, telling; would never credit that other punctilious, pettifogging niggler for detail, making such a fuss over the correct dress for me to wear for the Carmarthen market, I mean it, right down to gloves, stockings, shoes; and he would have preferred a hat, but knew that was too much, even for him, to ask of me. . . .

Never having met Caitlin, I used to pity her at a distance. But this book makes it clear that she revelled in their cat-and-dog life, so that when Dylan died she felt utterly at a loss. Their private war had suddenly ended, neither in victory nor in defeat, and where could another antagonist be found to savage her with the same delightful gusto, and then let her merrily tear his fat face with her claws? She confesses that only an alcoholic kiss has savor for her now:

> . . . the mere thought of going near a man who is not mellowly pickled, and whose breath reeks of his native fleshy self, is squeamishly unpalatable to me. . . .

Dylan's was the inspired hit-or-miss rhetoric of the Welsh revivalist—"But strong in prayer, strong in prayer, is the Reverend John Jones B.A. He can draw the bloody soul out of the bloody body, I shouldn't wonder!"—as I once heard

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a Rhondda miner exclaim in extenuation of a peccant Primitive Methodist minister. Caitlin writes her own flowery rhetoric which, though at times evocative of Dylan's, attains that authentic female bog-Irish fluency once exemplified in such terrifying perfection by the late Amanda Ros, of Larne, author of *Irene Iddesleigh, Delina Delaney, Poems of Puncture* and the rest. Caitlin herself remarks of the bog-Irish, her father's people:

> They are wedding-ringed to the broguey cooing of their own voices.

THE O-poor-me! account of Caitlin's love affairs in a small Italian island village is a biographical curiosity, a classic in its hysterical way, and I could not wish it unwritten. While trying, by dint of excessive bad behavior to forget Dylan, for whom she confesses a strange necrophilous passion, she comes under the protection of a married Italian official, who occasionally appears at her bedroom door in the early morning, carrying a breakfast and:

> . . . might or might not, I used to pray *not,* roll me on the bed, in a matter of seconds . . .

She deceives this protector, to whom she owes money, by secretly seducing an earnest young miner of less than half her age. The protector, outraged by such duplicity, calls her a prostitute, and smacks her face, in public. She comments:

> . . . as though it mattered all that copulating much who lay with whom:

The protector's wife excuses him by saying that he has taken too much on himself; and Caitlin fortunately preserves her Italian phrase, though typically mistranslating it into an insult. There is another self-pitying account of how she bathes naked on the foreshore and nearly — not quite — gets herself raped by the village moron . . .

Well, we are all mortal sinners, and who is to cast the first stone at a grief-crazed widow? But one can sympathize with the Italians, who did not think it at all suitable that she should drag along her five-year old son to witness these intimate experiments in grief—though leaving him alone at night, while she went off for midnight trysts. Her lover's chief object in this affair was, she admits, the practical one of learning English in the hope of an eventual escape from his ill-paid and dangerous job. She lamely excuses herself:

> . . . I had neglected Colm, half because I could not help it: my predominant mother's instincts had died along with Dylan; half deliberately, because neglected children are unfairly always so much better. I do not mean I starved him; I saw that he was fed, clothed, washed; the bare minimum essentials, but I gave him none of my concentrated personal attention, so important to a child, so they say, but they don't know me. I left him playing recklessly in the streets, with the wild street gangs, while I went off to the country on my own, putting my faith in reckless chance that no fatal bodily harm would befall him. If the harm was no more serious than learning the bad language, and dirty words, which shocked the good people to the roots of their shuddering beings; he reeled them off at the most inopportune moments, while I sat blandly unmoved, understanding nothing; I was not as worried as I ought to have been.

When Caitlin was forced to leave the island, the young miner, whom she had treated with a "super bitchery," did not appear on the quay to see her off, and:

> . . . I had the unenviable sensation that he [Dylan] had anticipated all this, and was lying down looking at me drowsily, with pitying love, and saying patronizingly: "So this is what you wanted"; for nobody could be crueller than he when *he* wanted, though few people suspected it; and I felt lower and wormier than the worms in his poems.

PRESENTLY, no doubt, when Caitlin reaches an age of discretion and overcomes her ladylike horror of wearing unrelieved black, she will enjoy a spectacular *grande dame* reconciliation with

Unfriendly Witness

I NEVER played the Moor,
I never looked to see,
I don't know what my hands are for,
I know they're not for me:

I lent them to my Mother,
She yanked them into rules
And put them with my pencilbox
As fit to take to school;

I lent them to my Teacher,
She ruled them into pens
And sent them home to Fatherdear
Who beat them straight again;

I lent them to my Judge,
He penned them into line,
Since when they clasp and hold I swear
Nothing of yours, or mine;

I lent them to my Sergeant,
He lined them into squads
And marched them off to sudden death
Like little piston-rods;

Death sent them back unused,
I squandered them on love:
They took the world for comrade then
As easy as a glove;

And yet the world is heavy
And filled with men like me—
With tired men, with heavy men
That slip my memory,
If that be perjury.

GEORGE STARBUCK

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Mother Church. Dylan was himself toying with religion before he died—the London *Times* obituary described him as a "great Christian gentleman"—and as she admits:

> . . . Dylan was always about three jumps ahead of me.

She may even have the laugh of him yet by suffering an immoderate change of heart and graduating as a saint. Widows and virgins are entitled to sainthood—though (as a Protestant) I have always thought it a little hard that no wives, however virtuous or chaste, who fail to outlive their husbands, may be included in the Calendar. And let us not worry unduly about her five-year-old boy; or dismally quote the proverb: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." It may well be that, supported by the good American dollars of the Dylan Thomas Memorial Fund, and sent to some famous public school, Colm will grow up into a straitlaced, noble English gentleman, a pillar of the Establishment, and one day occupy a fine Eaton Square mansion—if there are any left by that time.

The Elusive Goya

by Martin Ries

AS A YOUTH, Francisco Goya showed more talent for Delinquency than Art. An early fight between parish groups which resulted in murder forced him to flee Saragossa to Madrid. In Madrid his life was just as riotous; and after one fight he was found with a knife in his back. He recovered, but evidently his opponents were not as fortunate so he had to flee again. Fitz-Gerald claims Goya left Spain with 15,000 *réals* he received for his fresco in Our Lady of Pilar Cathedral; but most authorities (including Lopez-Rey) agree he was destitute and had to work his way to Italy as a bullfighter.

Goya, text by Xavière Desparment Fitz-Gerald, with 36 color plates (Scribners; $17.50).

He studied in Italy for a year and although he showed no Italian influence in his style, this is probably when and where he became a serious artist. But he still found time for his usual escapades: an unsuccessful one (he was discovered stealing into a nunnery for a rendezvous with a young lady) caused his expulsion from Rome. He was asked to leave, as El Greco two centuries earlier had been asked to leave for proposing to tear down the Sistine frescos of Michelangelo to put up his own.

He returned to Spain and married the sister of Ramon Bayeau, his former teacher and then a very influential painter. Through Bayeau's influence, Raphael Mengs commissioned Goya to paint tapestry cartoons for the Santa Barbara workshop. Goya showed great inventiveness in portraying contemporary life and manners of Spain when Mengs had imposed a frigid Neo-Classicism on Art. His fierce independence which had displayed itself in his personal life now came to the fore in his artistic life. This was the period of his facile portraits which were executed in only a few hours. One anecdote Fitz-Gerald relates is of a Marquis who so insisted on Goya's painting his pretty young wife's portrait that he locked them both in Goya's studio to return two hours later. Goya painted the portrait—but in one hour.

He was commissioned to copy the royal collection of Velázquez paintings into etchings, probably because it was the only royal collection in the world that had not been made public through prints. But Spain had no print shops or collectors, and Goya's set of etchings was doomed to so small an edition that Velázquez remained unknown outside Spain until 1860 (two centuries after his death) when photographs became a commercial mass product. Fitz-Gerald discounts the love affair between the Duchess of Alba and Goya; and indeed the *Maja Nude* and *Maja Clothed* (usually said to be the Duchess before the Duke returns and the Duchess after the Duke returns) do not resemble the other portraits of the Duchess of Alba. But Goya *had* taken a long trip with the

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widow Alba and made sketches of her putting on her garter, doing her hair, in night attire, etc. Also the portrait of *The Duchess of Alba* (Hispanic Museum, New York) shows her wearing two rings (one says *Alba,* the other says *Goya*) on a hand that is pointing to Goya's signature at her feet.

Gautier describes *The Family of Charles IV* as the "grocer's family who had won the big lottery." And Queen Maria Luisa certainly took the ice-man (Manuel de Godoy, a guardsman) as a lover (the Queen referred to herself, her lover and the King as "The Earthly Trinity") and raised him to the highest offices of state. Later when Ferdinand VII came to power, the reinstated Inquisition confiscated Godoy's property and found five "obscene" paintings, two of which were Goya's *Majas.* The only other nude in Spanish painting is by Velázquez, but this was part of the royal collection.

IN 1796 Goya finished his *Los Caprichos.* An earlier writer had divided painters into "the sheep in the valleys who herd together, and the *cabros* [rare goats] who explore cliffs to discover untasted exotics. These are the artists who make inventions or *caprichos*" (goatish fantasies). The Inquisition was aroused by his *Los Caprichos* but Goya presented them to the King, making prosecution impossible.

Fitz-Gerald claims "he did religious paintings worthy to rate with those of El Greco. In them mystical impulse reaches a pitch of ecstasy." Goya has been called an Impressionist, Expressionist, Realist and Surrealist; but this is the first time "the satanic poet of lust and death" has been called a saint.

With the invasion of Napoleon's armies Goya kept his post as First Painter of the Household. But he and his colleagues made copies of the masterpieces in the royal collection which were passed off as the originals when the French asked for tribute. He drew his *Disasters of War* (a record of French atrocities) while he was King Joseph's Court Painter. Fitz-Gerald thinks *The Shootings of May 3* and *May 2* were painted in 1808, soon after the event happened because "they were carried out in feverish haste and under the stress of emotion." Most authorities place them between 1814-15. Fitz-Gerald also implies that Goya was not

Coming

The Last Poems of Wallace Stevens

reviewed by

Irving Howe

"*afrancesado,* a *Josefino,* in other words a traitor!" But Goya *was* pro-French, and even kept his position as Court Painter under Joseph Bonaparte. He had long tried to introduce the advanced ideas of France into Madrid and the Court.

When Napoleon's troops left Spain in 1813, 10,000 *afrancesados,* artists, writers and other professional men left with them. But Goya went into hiding in Spain and this is when he painted his *pinturas negras* in his *Quinto del Sordo* (House of the Deaf Man) and all fourteen are reproduced here including *Saturn Devouring His Children* which Goya painted on his dining room wall.

Xavière Desparment Fitz-Gerald's text captures very little of the flavor, passion or detail of Goya's life. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* is as dull and gives more information. The reproductions are excellent, large, and fill the whole page abandoning margin area wherever possible.

There are only 36 plates, but all the *Quinto del Sordo* murals are included, most of which are not on view at the Prado. At the end of the book there is a list of the paintings followed by a good supply of notes; there is also a "List of Plates" index printed on a foldout page that can be referred to while reading the text. Very sensible and very handy. Goya was a peasant, a ferocious street boy, an irate philosopher, a lecherous visionary, a gay, evil figure filled with darkness but illuminated with a flame that cannot be comprehended thru Fitz-Gerald's text—that remains for the reproductions.

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THEATRE

Damaged in Transit

LIKE certain wines, it seems that Peter Ustinov simply won't "travel." His previous offering, *The Love of Four Colonels*, while delicious in London and (in French) Paris, had only a pallid reception in this country, where it was kept alive beyond its normal expectancy by the box office appeal of its stars, Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer, by the faithful subscribers of the Theatre Guild, by those catchpenny drama "clubs" that assure their members of seeing a hit a month during the season, and by those energetic ladies who sell out entire performances in the name of sweet charity long before the bad notices get written.

Romanoff and Juliet, by Peter Ustinov (Plymouth).

It now seems that Mr. Ustinov's second American venture is destined to lead the same charmed life, thanks to the subscription list of the Theatre Guild, the play clubs and the benefit theatre parties. Owing to the efforts of these organizations, the advance sale for *Romanoff and Juliet* is well over half a million dollars, every penny of it earned on the strength of the play's London reputation. Having seen *Romanoff and Juliet* both at the Picadilly Theatre in London and, now, at the Plymouth Theatre in West Forty-fifth Street, I would like to remind the casual playgoer that the two productions are by no means comparable and that Movies Are Better Than Ever.

As almost anyone can tell you, *Romanoff and Juliet* deals with the romance between the daughter of the American ambassador and the son of the Soviet ambassador who reside in neighboring embassies in the capital city of "the smallest country in Europe." Aided and abetted by the president of the nation (played here, as in London, with enormous gusto by Mr. Ustinov himself), the doctrine-crossed young lovers get together at the close of Act Three and there is a happy ending for just everybody. Needless to say, it was not the plot that made *Romanoff and Juliet* the rage of London for more than a year. What the London production had was pace and style and wit and charm and a sort of insouciant innocence that made for an evening of sweet nonsense. All of this is missing in the New York transplantation.

Exactly where *Romanoff and Juliet* has gone wrong is difficult to say. It would be comforting to place the blame on David Merrick, the producer; to accuse him of having vulgarized the play, of having added soldiers or peasants or dancing girls to the original cast of thirteen, of having mounted the American production so elaborately that the fragile little play was suffocated beneath its own trappings. Unfortunately this is not the case. Denis Malcles' single setting, while not quite as nice, is virtually the same as the original. The costumes by Helene Pons are, if anything, better. Harold Rome has contributed some eerie and totally unnecessary incidental music which is amplified too loudly from one of those advanced musical instruments presumably made of electronics and soy beans. Even so, these minor adjustments are not enough to turn Mr. Ustinov's airy pastry into the flannel cake it has now become.

Much of the fault, I think, lies with George S. Kaufman's direction. While Mr. Ustinov's role remains unchanged, the other actors are now bawling their lightly satirical lines over the footlights as though they were playing *Aaron Slick from Punkin Creek* to a 4-H Club rally. The audience laughs and laughs quite a lot, but the mirth seems more dutiful than delighted. And when Mr. Ustinov is not on stage there is rarely so much as a giggle.

Beset by troubles, hirings and firings throughout its pre-Broadway tour, casting has been one of the play's major problems. And a problem which I can't help feeling is far from solved since almost half the cast—the young people —calls to mind the guiding lights of some suburban little theatre group; people who will tomorrow be selling insurance and running the P.-T. A. Four different actresses have tried and failed as Juliet and from the shrill, stagey, rather common performance of the present incumbent, Elizabeth Allen, one wonders what her three predecessors can have been. Gerald Sarracini is quite wooden as her Russian lover, Igor Romanoff. Perfectly unspeakable performances are offered by Sylvia Daneel who, through the most American of Russian accents, tries to persuade us that she is a Soviet ship's captain, and by William Greene, who brings to the role of an American boy-man everything short of bubble gum and a squirt gun. Carl Don overplays dreadfully what was once the very funny part of a Soviet spy.

Fred Clark and Natalie Schafer, who can do almost no wrong on the stage, are only adequate as the American ambassador and his wife. Better are Henry Lascoe and Marianne Deeming as the Russian couple. Phil Leeds and Jack Gilford are superb as two soldiers. Edward Atienza plays again the senile archbishop, which he created in London. Filled as it is with wheezes, tremulous quavers and sibilants whistled through faulty dentures, it is a "cinch" role and one calculated to bring down the house. It does. But again the direction is to blame, for the archbishop was far funnier overseas when the same actor played the same role with subtlety and restraint.

ONE GETS the impression that Mr. Kaufman and the cast must feel that Peter Ustinov is a peach of a fellow, but just incapable of writing lines that will get a laugh unless they are catapulted right up to the gallery. How wrong they are.

It remains then for Peter Ustinov to save his own play, to help out the competent actors and shout down the bad ones, to restore some sense of style and wit to the shambles created about him. He is *almost* able to do it. The stage and the audience both come to life whenever he appears. With his timing, his footwork, his jouncing round belly, his sparse beard, his elegant pronouncements, Mr. Ustinov is Groucho Marx and Bobby Clark and Ed Wynn and Cyril Ritchard all rolled into one incongruous but endearing package. Alas, Mr. Ustinov is only mortal and he can't be expected to hold twelve actors and a director at bay indefinitely, although his attempts are heroic. As gifted as he is, both as actor and playwright, Mr. Ustinov simply cannot fight mediocrity with talent, dum-dum barrages with rapier thrusts or bad acting with good writing. Mr. Ustinov ought to sue.

PATRICK DENNIS

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RECORDS

Five Faces of Mr. Bernstein

A GROUP of recent records offer fruits of Leonard Bernstein's talents as a symphonic composer, a conductor, a pianist, a composer of show music, a television lecturer and educator.

In an interview following a broadcast of his *Age of Anxiety* a few years ago Bernstein described the conflict in the life of someone who was both a composer and a conductor. The composer, he said, was an introverted person with a strong inner life; the conductor always dealing with various large groups of people, and thus leading a mostly external life. I found it difficult to imagine the composer of the work I had just heard as an introverted person with a strong inner life: like his other music it had given me the impression of the composer in Bernstein being as much an extrovert as the conductor—that is, lacking, like the conductor, an inner discipline, a controlling sense of measure, so that composing was a process of everything going out with nothing held back. Moreover, what went out could be described by Virgil Thomson's statement about another composer—that he wrote lots of music, which made him a real composer, but that the music was eclectic and standardized, which made him not a real creator. And I hear the same unchecked fluency and uncreative manipulation of available materials of the day in Bernstein's newest symphonic piece—the long, elaborate and boring Serenade for violin solo, strings and percussion, played by Isaac Stern with the Symphony of the Air under Bernstein on Columbia ML-5144.

I have heard orchestra men—and they are the ones who know—testify to Bernstein's impressive gifts as a conductor; and I have been reliably informed of other players' contempt for him. The contempt, I would guess, is for the embarrassing spectacle the extrovert is impelled to make of himself on the podium, and the excesses he is impelled to in his performances, by his lack of inner discipline and of a controlling sense of measure. Those excesses are not in all his performances: I have heard him deal straightforwardly and effectively with Stravinsky's *Sacre* and *Oedipus Rex* and other modern works; and he deals in that way with Copland's *El Salon Mexico*, Milhaud's *La Création du monde* and his own score for *Fancy Free* on CL-920. And I have heard him —operating within the limits he appeared to set in Mozart—play the *Linz* Symphony on one occasion and the Symphony K.201 on another with distinguished taste. But in the performance of the *Firebird* Suite on ML-5182 there is a lingering and melting and fussing with exaggerated nuances of sonority and tempo that I am sure Stravinsky would find unsuitable; nor are the excesses in Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* on the reverse side more suitable. And the extrovert who is impelled to play the solo parts and conduct Mozart's Concertos K.453 and 450 from the piano on ML-5145 (Bernstein's piano-playing is fluent but not of the professional caliber that would justify the procedure) sets no limits in these works of Mozart: there is gross and tasteless lingering and melting over the phrases of the piano parts and fussing with their inflection; and in the concert hall, I might add, this is done with much rolling of the wrists and hunching over them of an intensely swaying body.

IT IS his work for musical shows that seems to me the most successful of the numerous Bernstein operations. In this genre too Bernstein is not an original creator: in *On the Town* and *Wonderful Town* he used the standard materials of Broadway show music enjoyably; in *Candide*—excellently sung by the original Broadway cast on OL-5180—he uses every musical style except that of Broadway show music in writing that is brilliant in the way it gives effect to Richard Wilbur's witty lyrics. Bernstein has contended that such writing in non-Broadway-show-music style would transform the musical show into our native opera "intelligible to all"; but it has seemed to me that the writing that would do this would no longer be "intelligible to all"—*i.e.* enjoyable to the Broadway public; and the short run of *Candide* would seem to confirm this.

CL-918 has Bernstein's first *Omnibus* talk, an interesting presentation of what Beethoven considered and rejected at certain points in the first movement of his Fifth Symphony and what he finally used. And CL-919 has Bernstein's talk on jazz, which is more pretentious and less accurately informative. Thus his elaborate explanation of syncopation is concerned solely with the crude shifting of accents from strong to weak beats and not with the subtle thing one hears in the jazz on the record—what Wilder Hobson, in his *American Jazz Music*, described so well as the tension- and momentum-producing suspended rhythms created around the regular beats by players who have a feeling for these suspended rhythms and in whose playing they are "a fluent principle." And one player I know rejected Bernstein's demonstration that jazz used a scale with flatted "blue" notes, and his contention that the flatting was really a search for the quarter-tone between the flatted and unflatted notes: the flatting, said my friend, was a player's momentary and subtle modification of the notes of the formal scale, dictated by the course of the melodic invention, and done again by players who had a feeling for such flatting and in whose playing it was a fluent principle. My friend characterized as incorrect Bernstein's definition of "break": Louis Armstrong's cornet comment on a phrase sung by Bessie Smith was not a "break." And whereas the final illustration in the Bernstein talk—an improvisation on "Sweet Sue" filled with the melody, harmony and counterpoint the players had learned from Bartok and other modern composers—was for Bernstein an indication of jazz's exciting future, my player friend felt, as I did, that the performance actually had lost all connection with jazz.

B. H. HAGGIN

Notes on Contributors

ROBERT GRAVES is, of course, the versatile British poet and man of letters. MARTIN RIES is a young American painter who has lived and exhibited in Spain. PATRICK DENNIS is author of *Auntie Mame* and other novels. His newest book, written with Dorothy Erskine, is *The Pink Hotel*. GEORGE STARBUCK was formerly an editor of *The Chicago Review*.

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

pondered long, and I must confess to complete failure in the search for "a specific for dealing with (Arab) hatred of Israel."

It was once thought that the passage of time would have a soothing effect. It is nine and a half years since the creation of Israel. The 40th anniversary of the Balfour Declaration falls next month. Yet the hatred bites deeper than ever.

A very shrewd observer of Middle Eastern affairs told me recently that he thought he had discovered a "psychotic line" in the Arab mind. On one side of the line, world problems could be discussed with Arabs rationally and often with great profit. On the other side, rational discussion was impossible, even with those who incline strongly towards the West. The line, as you will have guessed by now, is the frontier of the Israel problem.

Proper treatment can doubtless erase psychotic lines in the minds of cooperative patients. But who is to treat so many millions of uncooperative ones? In the circumstances, I think it dangerous to continue to wrestle fruitlessly with an insoluble problem, with the certainty of antagonizing one side and with the strong probability of antagonizing both. There is a very nasty neighbor peering over the fence, waiting to profit by any mistake.

I have been straining to find an analogy that might illuminate this most unusual situation. I offer this one. Supposing it was suggested to the Americans that they should ease tensions by accepting a compromise between capitalism and Communism, embodying "the best features of both." I imagine that the vast majority of Americans would have difficulty in understanding the suggestion, quite apart from accepting it. So it is with the Arabs and Israel.

H. A. R. PHILBY

Beirut, Lebanon

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► *Sputniks and Budgets*

SIRS:

I HAVE READ with deep interest your article on *Sputniks and Budgets,* (October 14, 1957), and believe your position to be incontrovertibly sound. Nevertheless, neither in this article nor in any other that I have read have I seen a finger placed on the central point, so far as the defense of the United States is concerned. Since we have been reposing our heaviest defensive reliance on the deterrent powers of the nuclear weapons —a position whose wisdom I for one have always questioned, though the one fact of consequence is that it is and has been officially accepted—even the most elementary sense of reality would seem to have required that we be first not only in making and stockpiling the weapons, but in providing the means to deliver them. Since *Sputnik* has highlighted the extent to which we have fallen behind in the latter respect, we are a little in the situation of a man who seeks to protect himself by an accumulation of excellently designed bullets, but neglects to equip himself with a gun that will suitably deliver the bullets.

It is altogether possible that this absurdity—which, since it was committed for budgetary reasons, was literally like selling one's birthright for a mess of pottage—will turn out to represent the greatest blunder of recent centuries. And the least we can say is that since our policy of building up the H-bomb as a deterrent has backfired, we have erected for ourselves a newer and more costly and potentially dangerous Maginot Line.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Mill Valley, Calif.

. . . a new Cabinet position

THE SUCCESS of the Russians in putting a satellite into space points up the need in our country for a new cabinet position. This division could be named Department of Science or Department of Research.

As I see it, this department could provide the impetus for research projects that the military were not interested in. It could initiate projects that neither private enterprise nor other civilian departments of the government were concerned with. It could provide liaison and could act as a clearing house between various branches of the sciences. It could provide materials for the schools, stimulate interest in the natural sciences among students at all levels, and finally it could keep the President and the executive branch of the government abreast of developments in the rest of the world on projects that would not necessarily be concerned immediately with military preparedness.

Research in the basic sciences can no longer be treated as a stepchild. Crash programs may suffice once or twice in a generation but they inevitably divert attention from problems whose need is not so immediate. What is needed is a steady continuous flow of information, interests, and work at all levels. The best way to symbolize this coming of age is the creation of a new department, a new cabinet position entitled either the Department of Science or the Department of Research.

One additional step that I think might make sense is to convert the new United States Air Academy into an Academy for Research and Science. Manned aircraft is going to play an increasingly small part in the defense plans of the nation. Nucleotronics, aerotronics, missile programs and the like will play a larger and larger part. What we need are more young men trained to understand and cope with the problems arising from these developments. Were the government to sponsor such an academy, open to students only on competitive examinations, the prestige and romance that now accrue to our military academies would be diverted in a more

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profitable (for the nation that is) direction.

If a new cabinet post of science and research were set up, this academy might well be placed under its aegis. Were it not for the fact that vested interests in the Army and Navy would raise too much of a protest, I think it would also be desirable to convert the Naval Academy and West Point to academies for research and science.

MURRAY L. SILBERSTEIN

New York, N.Y.

► *Predestinarian Democrats*

SIRS:

WE were gathered in the hilltop house of Oregon's Democratic National Committeeman and his wife when I called attention to the line from Gerald Johnson, "one of the two Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Democrats from Oregon" (*NR*, October 14, 1957). This opened up all sorts of speculation. What did it mean? Was it laudatory or derogatory?

Mrs. Richard Neuberger

Portland, Ore.

Mr. Johnson replies . . .

The namely merely corresponds to that of one sect of fragmented Protestantism, as do the other names.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Baltimore, Md.

► *Miss Narcissus*

SIRS:

CHARLES CURRAN'S critique of Vera Brittain's *Testament of Experience* (*NR*, Oct. 7) is the most hilarious and provocative book review I ever read.

I anticipate a riposte from the effervescent Miss Brittain with gusto, and look forward eagerly to more from the pen of Charles Curran.

M. M. BOSTWICK

New York City

► *Diplomacy in Guatemala*

SIRS:

DAVID L. GRAHAM'S article on Guatemala (*NR*, Sept. 16) is a fine piece of work—and overdue. His faithful picture of our Poorphooey, Dullish and Rub-Bottom diplomacy in that United Fruit kingdom could not be better.

CARLETON BEALS

Deep River, Conn.

► *Critic or Commisar?*

SIRS:

THE SAME issue of the New Republic (August 26) that had as its feature article, the excellent report by Robert Guillain on the methods of thought-control used by the Chinese Communists to coerce their writers and artists (*The Chinese Intellectuals*) also included a report on American Paintings in Minneapolis by Frank Getlein, who uses these same Chinese methods to attack my work.

In his ill-tempered, "cussing" article, Mr. Getlein throws at me the label of "Design Division" with its implied charges of formalism, subjectivity, separation of practice and theory and parallels, thereby, the Communist charge of "idealism" which Mr. Guillain reports is the device used by the Chinese against their artists. The only difference in Mr. Getlein's attack on me seems to be that where the Chinese Communists yell "Rightest Deviation," Mr. Getlein "cusses" at me with "janitor" epithets of an anti-Proletarian nature.

Mr. Getlein's methods can have no effect whatever on me. However, I must protest his use of them and his attempt to brain-wash your readers who, not able to see my work, cannot judge for themselves.

1. It was unnecessary for Mr. Getlein to swear at the "damn" size of my picture when a glance at the exhibition catalogue would have given him the exact size.

2. Even the cursory description of my picture given by him shows that it has no elements of "design." This is the whole point of his report and the basis of his irritation at my work—that it has no forms. His attempt, therefore, to link me with those who believe in the Bauhaus principles of Design because he cannot find any "Design" in my work is an attempt to assassinate by association even when there is none. To the knowing my work stands as the strongest threat to the "Design" Painters because of its complete opposition to their principles and practices. Even they know it. How is it that Mr. Getlein doesn't?

3. Anyone who knows anything about art techniques knows that to paint the large areas I do in free space in terms of a whole image requires the greatest skill and artistry.

When these pictures were first shown years ago, the shock they created then was understandable, and I am not surprised that they still shock Mr. Getlein since they embody a vision and a way of looking that never existed before. However, there is a great difference between the critical eye blinded by shock and the prejudiced eye practicing psychological warfare. Is Mr. Getlein critic or Chinese commissar?

BARNETT NEWMAN

New York, N. Y.

. . . A Reply

Clitic.

FRANK GETLEIN

Milwaukee, Wis.

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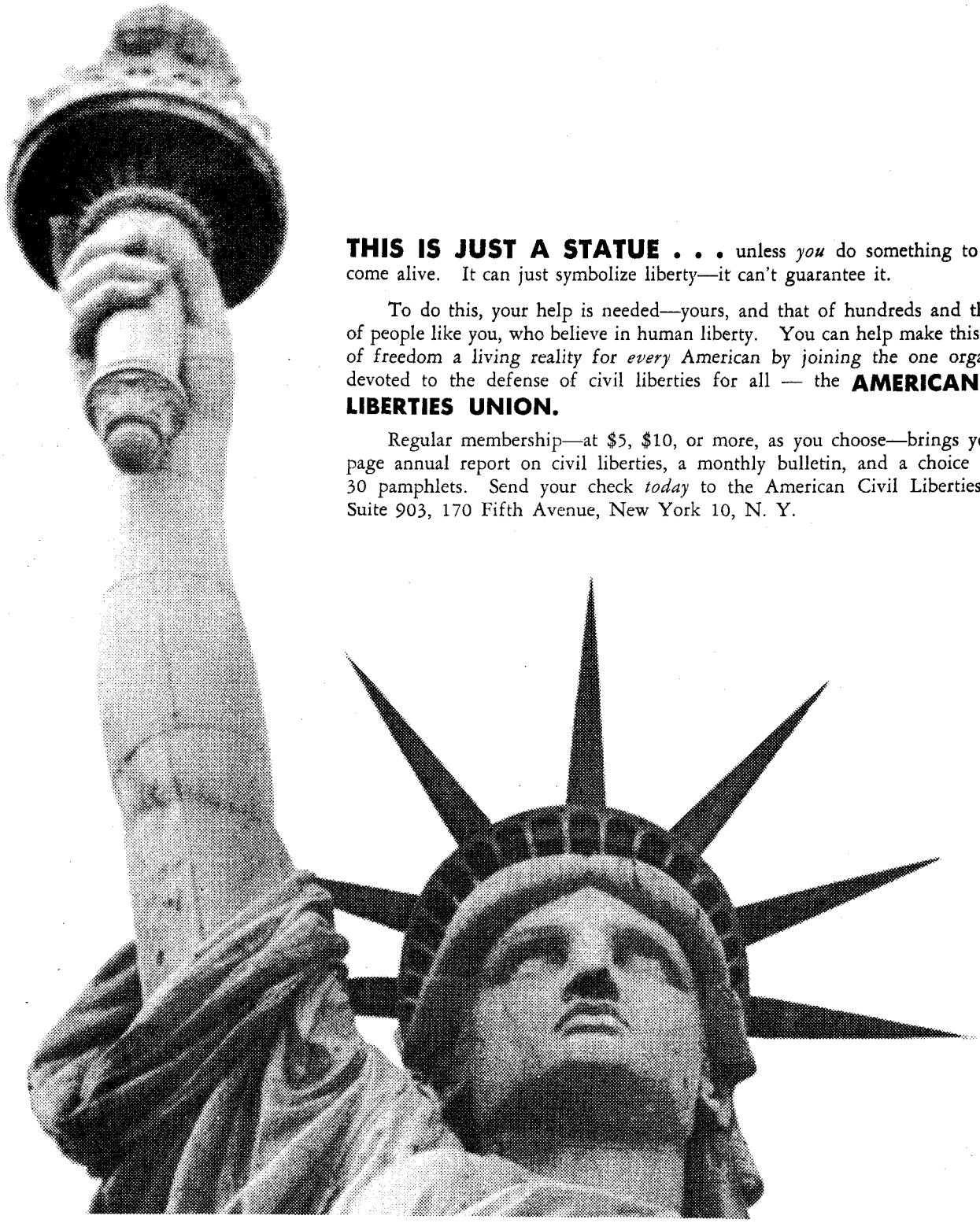

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